

The history

As wedged with a sigh would rine in twaine,
Least *Hector* or my father should perceiue mee:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a scorne)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smyle,
But sorrow that is coucht in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth fate turnes to suddaine sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not some-what darker then *Hellen*;
well go to, there were no more comparison betweene
the women! but for my part she is my kinswoman, I would
not as they tearme it praise her, but I would som-body had
heard her talke yester-day as I did, I will not dispraise your
sister *Cassandras* wit, but-----

Troy. Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd
Reply not in how many fadomes deepe,
They lie indrench'd, I tell thee I am madder:
In *Cressids* loue? thou answerst she is faire,
Powrest in the open vicer of my heart:
Her eyes, her haire her cheeke, her gate, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse: O that her hand
In whose comparison all whites are ynke
Writing their owne reproch; to whose soft seisure,
The cignets downe is harsh, and spirit of sence:
Hard as the palme of plow-man; this thou telst me,
As true thou telst me, when I say I loue her,
But saying thus in steed of oyle and balme,
Thou layst in euery gash that loue hath giuen mee.
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou dost not speake so much.

Pan. Faith Ile not meddle in it, let her bee as shee is, if she
bee faire tis the better for her, and shee bee not, she has the
mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*. how now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my labour for my trauell, ill thought on
of her, and ill thought of you, gon betweene and betweene,
but small thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan.

of Troylus and Cresseida.

Pan. Because she's kin to me therefore shee's not so faire
as *Hellen*, and she were kin to me, she would be as faire a Fri-
day as *Hellen*, is on Sunday, but what I? I care not and shee
were a blackeamore, tis all one to mee.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, she's a foole to
stay behinde her father let her to the Greekes, and so Ile tell
her the next time I see her for my part Ile meddle nor make
no more ith' matter.

Troy. *Pandarus.* *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to mee I will leaue all as I
found it and there an end. *Exit.*

Sound alarum.

Troy. Peace you vngacious clamors, peace rude sounds,
Fooles on both sides, *Hellen* must needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daylie paint her thus,
I cannot fight vpon this argument:
It is too staru'd a subject for my sword,
But *Pandarus*: O gods! how do you plague me
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be wood to woe,
As she is stubborne, chaste, against all suite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* loue
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India* there she lies, a pearle,
Betweene our *Ilium*, and where shee reides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood:
Our selfe the Marchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our barke.

Alarum Enter Aeneas.

Aeneas. How now prince *Troylus*, wherefore not a field.

Troy. Because not there; this womans answer sorts,
For woman it is to be from thence.

What newes *Aeneas* from the field to day?

Aeneas. That *Paris* is returned home and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Aeneas*?

Aeneas. *Troylus* by *Melenaus*.

A 3

Troy.